

NO TRUCE WILL BE MADE BETWEEN MONEY AND LIBERTY

St. Matthews, S. C., April 13, 1916.
Editor The Herald and News:

In my letter published in the News and Courier on last Monday, I used substantially the following language: "I have no doubt that this letter will find its way to New York; it may be that my insurance will be cancelled. I hope not, but if it is, let it be. I prefer insecurity and poverty in freedom to security and wealth in servitude."

I have now received the following telegram from New York:

"Senator J. A. Banks,
"St. Matthews, S. C.

"Companies notify us all insurance for yourself and Mrs. Wimberly cancelled.

(Signed) Samuels, Cornwall & Stevens."

I dared to raise my voice in the cause of commercial freedom. I dared to speak of the rights of a sovereign State. This is the reply of the Money Kings.

My personal interests are of no concern except as they illustrate a general situation. I will take care of the interests of this widowed woman and her children, but I greatly over-rate the temper of South Carolinians if these facts do not stir them to action.

Men of South Carolina, let me say to you, in all earnestness, no truce will ever be made between money and liberty. Organized wealth is a mighty power; if the people do not destroy it they will surely be destroyed by it. You have only one weapon with which to fight; that weapon is your government. If you use this weapon you will be free. If you fail to use it, you and your children will be slaves. There can be no compromise. "Choose ye this day whom ye shall serve." The people of other States are choosing. The federal government has chosen and is acting with the Federal Reserve Banking law. Our own State has taken a short step, in the insurance department of the Sinking Fund, and we have the experience of Germany and the Republic of Switzerland, where insurance is controlled by the government and only costs the people ten cents per hundred dollars as against the average of one dollar and twenty-five cents in South Carolina.

Let us use our only weapon, our government.

There is absolutely no other help nor hope.

Respectfully,

J. A. BANKS.

ADVERTISING RAISED THE BRITISH ARMY

In the March American Magazine in an account of Hedley Francis Le Bas who was employed by the British Government to raise an army by advertisements. He did it—at fifty seven per cent of the former cost of getting recruits. He also conducted the advertising campaign by which a \$3,000,000,000 loan was placed.

Mr. Le Bas made his ads for soldifs interesting, just as he would have done for purchasers of ta, soap or tobacco. He formed a committee of the leading old writers in the country and their posters have the gaps on the fighting line for over a year. When the loan of \$3,000,000,000 was required by the government Mr. Le Bas was once more pressen in service and three billion was oversubscribed at the end of two weeks.

"Through these revolutionary successes of Mr. Le Bas the British government has had good cause to endorse the business of advertising.

"Hedley Francis Le Bas is a genial gentleman of about fifty-five, an old army man himself, and the son of Captain Le Bas of Jersey. He is the founder and head of the Caxton Publishing company. He is also a director of George Newnes, Ltd. and Arthur Pearson, Ltd., two of the largest magazine publishers in Great Britain.

"Last, but by no means least, Mr. Le Bas is the honored possessor of a medal awarded him by the Royal Humane Society for saving the lives of two women two years ago."

TWO QUARTS A MONTH

Mississippi Now Under New Liquor Law.

Jackson, Miss., April 15.—Mississippi's new prohibition law, passed by the recent session of the legislature, went into effect at midnight tonight. It prohibits the shipment into the State to any person of more than one quart of whiskey or 24 pints of beer oftener than once every two weeks.

I HAVE SOLD my stock of goods and accounts to C. A. Stephens. Parties who owe will pay their accounts to C. A. Stephens. R. M. Havard.

THE HERALD AND NEWS ONE YEAR FOR ONLY \$1.50.

SEALING DEAD LETTERS.

One Postoffice Custom That Teaches a Moral Lesson.

Twice a year in Washington they hold a curious auction. It is called the dead letter sale, but in reality it is the sale of packages that have been sent to the dead letter office because of deficient postage or wrong directions.

After these packages have been held for a certain length of time, in order to give senders or owners an opportunity to claim them, they are sold at public auction.

It is often a strange and pathetic collection. Most of the articles are cheap enough, although valuable things are not lacking. But who can estimate the intrinsic value of some of those lost gifts—the time and sacrifice and love they respect? How many lives were robbed of a happiness that rightfully belonged to them because of the sender's carelessness or ignorance?

Is there not a parable lurking somewhere about this strange auction? How many lives are there today that hold the possibility of gifts for other lives, yet through carelessness or ignorance or indifference are robbing both themselves and others and are carelessly making "dead letters" of gifts for which eager eyes and hearts are longing?

There is no sale of these dead gifts. No one has any chance at them. They are doubly lost—lost to the one who should have used them and to the world that needs them. What a pitiful waste of power and joy!—Baltimore American.

AFRICAN COCOA PORTERS.

Head Loads and Barrel Rolling Feats of the Natives.

Unusual and interesting is the spectacle in the African Gold Coast country of the transport of cocoa, the bulk of the inland produce being carried by porters to the railroad. Sometimes the roadways as far as the eye can see are one long line of cocoa bags on the heads of hundreds of carriers.

This carrying trade has produced an extraordinary flow of free labor into the whole hinterland of the Gold Coast. At Adawso, a buying station nearly fifteen miles from the rail head, one firm alone employs in the season 3,000 carriers, who cover the distance to the rail station at Pakro once and frequently twice a day with a 150 pound bag of cocoa.

Many of the native farmers within thirty miles of Acera prefer to sell their cocoa at a higher price at the port of embarkation and so have created the interesting system of "barrel rolling." In the cocoa season strongly bound and ponderous casks are filled with the beans and rolled to the seashore.

Traveling along the somewhat primitive roads one meets at frequent intervals perspiring natives struggling with the barrel, which, filled with cocoa, weighs considerably over a quarter of a ton. As a rule, three men roll two casks, one relieving the other. Occasionally the loss, due to accidents, is considerable.—Argonaut.

Henley's Sufferings.

In fifty-four years of his life—he was born in 1849—W. E. Henley, the writer, never knew what a day's perfect health meant. When little more than a boy he was attacked by a disease which necessitated the amputation of one foot. He was told later by the doctors that the sacrifice of the other leg was necessary were he to live. The fame of Dr. Lister had reached Henley, and, penniless and almost friendless, he determined to try Edinburgh infirmity. Thither he traveled third class in physical suffering such as few have known, and when he reached the infirmity his whole possessions amounted to a few shillings. His confidence in Lister was justified, and his leg was saved. He was and remained a cripple, but neither hopeless nor helpless. His astounding nimbleness under these conditions suggested to Robert Louis Stevenson the physical sketch of John Silver.

Halley's Achievements.

Edmund Halley was a very great man. He was not only the first to predict correctly the return of a comet, that which is now known by his name, but also—before Newton had announced his results to any one—arrived at the conclusion that the attraction of gravitation probably varied inversely as the square of the distance. While these and other important achievements of his are well known, it seems to have been forgotten that Halley devised a method of determining the age of the ocean from chemical denudation.

Indifference.

"Which do you prefer, summer or winter?"
"I've no preference," replied Mr. Growcher. "It is just as depressing to me whether I put in a large portion of my time reading about the hottest day ever or the coldest day ever."—Washington Star.

Heavy Hearts.

Mr. Bacon—There, what did I tell you? This paper says the average man's heart weighs from ten to twelve ounces; the average woman's from eight to ten. Mrs. Bacon—Of course men's hearts weigh more. They are a good deal harder.—Yonkers Statesman.

Thorough Understanding.

"I presume you understand an auto thoroughly?"
"Thoroughly—that is, I know when it won't run there is something the matter with it."—Detroit Free Press.

VENUS DE' MEDICI.

The Finding and the Restoration of the Famous Statue.

You have smiled at the story of the recently rich lady who objected to a statue of the Venus of Milo because the dealer had sent her a broken statue instead of a good new one. Do you happen to know in what state of dilapidation the other famous Venus was found when her remains were unearthed in Rome in the sixteenth century? The Venus de' Medici was discovered along with several important pieces of antique art when the excavation had reached the depth of Hadrian's villa. It is claimed by some authorities that the marble goddess had been an adornment of the original home of the Caesars. But it made no stir in the art world until it had been restored and taken to Florence by Cosimo de' Medici. The restoration was almost as important as the work of the artist who modeled and chiseled the lovely figure in the high noon of art before the Christian era.

The statue has been credited to Cleomenes by some scholars, while others insist that it was done by an obscure Greek sculptor as late as the time of Augustus. The work of restoration was given over to the father of Bernini, that Neapolitan genius who was at once architect, painter and sculptor and who served two such patrons as Pope Urban VIII. and Louis XIV. of France. The elder Bernini, whose talents reflected so advantageously on the court of that Medici who was both Duke of Florence and Duke of Tuscany, is scarcely known to fame. Yet he took the thirteen fragments of marble and restored by means of them the most beautiful woman in the world.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SONGS THAT LIVE.

Stephen Foster's Ballads Won the Heart of America.

Stephen C. Foster, the writer of American ballads, the producer of America's most distinctive songs, may or may not have lived in the golden age of American music—but that each may decide for himself—but it was at least a glittering age. Foster fashioned his songs, sang them and died. They were American. And Foster has had no successor.

In that day many persons sang and played. Every little hamlet had its singing society. Music was in the hands of the people and for the people and to the people and even of the people Foster composed. His songs have lived. "The Old Folks at Home," "Nellie Gray," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"—these and others from his pen have survived many strange and weird twists and turns in the history of American music. They were born out of the heart of the nation.

Foster's name may not be entitled to place with great composers, and musicians may turn contemptuously away from his songs, but his songs live. That may not make them greater music in the judgment of musicians, but it gives them claim to respect. He was a "popular" song writer. We have "popular" song writers today. Their number is legion. But there is no Foster among them.—Indianapolis News.

A Musician's Memory.

I carry my thoughts about me for a long time, often a very long time, before I write them down. Meanwhile my memory is so faithful that I am sure never to forget, not even in years, a theme that has once occurred to me. I change many things, discard and try again until I am satisfied. You will ask me where I get my ideas. That I cannot tell you with certainty. They come unsummoned, directly, indirectly—I could seize them with my hands—out in the open air, in the woods, while walking, in the silence of the nights, early in the morning, incited by moods which are translated by the poet into words, by me into tones that sound and roar and storm about me until I have set them down in notes.—Beethoven.

A Huge Flower.

The largest bloom known to botanists is the "bo-o." It is found only on the island of Mindanao, the most southern of the Philippine group. Its scientific name is somewhat longer than its native name, the botanists recognizing it as Rafflesia Schadenbergia. The bo-o was first discovered in January, 1889, by an exploring expedition, headed by Dr. Alexander Schadenberg. A single flower weighs from eighteen to twenty pounds.

Sad.

"I went joy riding last night."
"Did the trip have an unfortunate ending?"
"Very. There wasn't any accident at all, and I was with people that I will probably never have a chance to get my name in the paper with again."—Puck.

Mixed Metaphor.

King Edward VII., when he was Prince of Wales, once made a funny mixture of metaphors. In reply to certain inquiries and admonitions he said, "I will do my best to walk in my father's footsteps, which you have held up for my imitation."

Probably.

Wife—I don't know what makes Miss Crankleigh so positive about everything. Hub—Probably her sex, my dear.—Boston Transcript.

A bad man is worse when he pretends to be a saint.—Bacon.

HAVING A GOOD TIME

Young Persons Should Learn There is a Serious Side to Life.

Many young persons think of little except how they can have a good time. If there is work to do it is only some thing in the way to be got rid of as soon as possible, no matter how. They think they can live as the butterfly does when in its glory. To find something entertaining, to be amused, is all they think of.

This is natural, and it is well that they can look on the bright side of life. But they should know also that life is not all play. There are duties to be performed, and real happiness comes only after work well done. Happiness is not found when sought as the chief thing in life.

Entertainments cease to entertain. The clever companion does not please always unless there are sterling qualities of character back of the cleverness. Work is the blessing of mankind. There ought to be some earnest purpose, some worthy aim, in the heart of every one.

Live not for the present moment. Live to be and do. There are consequences to all our acts. Folly sown brings a bitter harvest which none can escape reaping. There are innocent joys to which all, especially the young, are entitled. But it should be learned that living to some worthy purpose brings the truest enjoyment.—Milwaukee Journal.

SAVED BY A HYMN.

Without Knowing It the Sentry Disarmed His Opponents.

In his book "Why Men Pray" Dr. Charles Lewis Starnley retells one of Henry Drummond's old stories to illustrate his point that prayer produces a sense of human fellowship.

"One Sunday night on an ocean steamer a man spoke of a hymn which had just been sung as having for him peculiarly sacred associations. He was in the Confederate army in the American war between the states and was ordered at one time to lonely sentry duty. As the night wore on he felt his danger, and to keep up his courage he began to sing—

Jesus, lover of my soul,

and after uttering the great prayer of this hymn he was comforted and felt quite safe.

"A strange expression came over the face of a fellow passenger on the ship. 'I,' he said, 'was in the Union army that night and had been sent out with a party of scouts. We saw a solitary sentry, and my men had their rifles leveled to fire, but just then we heard the clear notes ringing out in the stillness—

Cover my defenseless head

With the shadow of thy wing,

and I said: 'Boys, lower your rifles. We'll go home!'"

Crossing the Dough.

"When I was a boy in South Yorkshire," says a correspondent of an English journal, "where most wives baked their own bread, the last thing before putting a 'kneading,' as the finished dough was termed, down by the fire to 'rise' was the two slashing cuts with a knife that made a cross. Then a piece of muslin was thrown over the top of the bowl. Where one wife would admit that the cross was 'to let the witch out,' another would say it was 'to help the dough to rise,' and a third would answer that it was 'just a fashion an' nowt else.' But if some trouble seeking boy had meddled with the cross and the baking turned out bad very seldom did the dough maker fail to put the blame on him for 'spoiling' the cross."

Dangerous Talk.

A new arrival at a certain boarding house was a man who had taken part in a famous arctic exploration, and at dinner time he often regaled the other boarders with stories of his adventures.

"Yes," he said after one particularly thrilling description, "we were slowly starving to death. Just when things were at the last gasp one fellow had an idea. He cut up our boots and made soup of them, and"—

"Hush! Hush!" hissed all the other boarders anxiously. "Don't let the landlady hear you!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

His Own Hands.

A fashionable painter, noted for his prolific output, was discussing at a studio tea in New York a recent scandal in the picture trade.

"Look here, old man," said a noted etcher, "do you paint all your own pictures?"

"I do," the other answered hotly, "and with my own hands too."

"And what do you pay your hands?" the etcher inquired. "I'm thinking of starting an art factory myself."

A Fine Distinction.

A small boy in the village school when writing a composition on "Quakers" wound up by saying, "Quakers never quarrel, never get into a fight, never claw and never scratch." Then he added, "Paw is a Quaker, but I really don't think paw is."

The Adjutant Bird.

The adjutant or marabou bird of India, which is valued on account of its feathers, will swallow a hare or a cat whole. It stands five feet high and has a fifteen foot expanse of wing.

Test.

"They seem to be in love."
"Yes. I really believe those two think as much of each other as they do of themselves."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Rising Sun Flour

SELF-RISING AND READY PREPARED.



Made of choicest Red Winter Wheat, ground and prepared according to the superior quality that has made the old RED MILL, Nashville, Tenn., nationally famous.

Say RISING SUN to any good grocer. You'll be pleased.

A WARNING TO INVESTORS.

In the Family's Money Department of The American Magazine for March are the following "don'ts" for investors:

"Don't buy oil or mining stocks where the properties are in a process of development and are not on a paying basis. About 99 out of 100 of these companies fail.

"Don't believe the rosy prospectus of any company that promises a greater income than six or eight per cent. Safe investments paying more than 8 or 10 per cent never to go down for a market. As a rule any company promising more than eight per cent

should be looked on with suspicion.

"Don't buy land or city property that you have never seen.

Don't depend entirely on the real estate agent for information regarding land or property that you wish to buy. Stay in the community for a week or two and get your knowledge first hand.

"Don't begin operations on a large scale in a business in which you have no practical experience.

Don't buy stocks on margin."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXA, FIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of Dr. J. C. F. Cures a Cold in One Day. Stops

Schumann Quintet, a Chautauqua Week Attraction, Has Pipe Organ



Photo by Hyde Park Studio, Chicago.

THE SCHUMANN QUINTET.

WHEN Carl Lampert organized the Schumann Quintet he made possible a notable advance in the musical life of the Chautauqua. He has furnished absolute proof that the people are hungry for real music. Chautauqua audiences are no longer frightened by classical programs—as the Schumann Quintet renders them. This company brings to the Chautauqua a genuinely new idea—that of presenting symphonic concerts with a company of only five musicians.

To secure this symphonic effect a specially constructed organ is carried by this company. This gives all the reed and wind effects of a large orchestra and, combined with the piano and stringed instruments, produces results as surprising as they are unique. To create added interest the historic introductions are given to each program.

In order that he might accurately interpret the music of Beethoven, Mozart and other great composers Mr. Lampert spent several years abroad in the places where these composers lived, making a special study of the scenes and surroundings which inspired their work.

He studied the folk songs of the different countries of Europe including Bohemia, Germany, France and Austria; also in Scandinavian countries. "The art songs of these countries," says he, "are but intensified folk songs." These folk and art songs are interestingly described by him.

Mr. Lampert, in his historic introductions and interpretations, has a real message for the masses, and the Schumann programs are as educational as they are entertaining.

Each season new features are devised in novel and pleasing musical effects. New programs are wrought out, and the company is able to go back year after year upon the same courses without any diminution of interest. In many places they have appeared three times.

Carl A. Lampert, the organizer and first violinist of the Schumanns, was born in Minden, Westphalia, near Dusseldorf; studied under Jacobson and abroad in the Prague Conservatory under Ruchy. For nine years he played first violin in the Thomas Orchestra and is at present connected with some of the most notable musical institutions in America.

Carl Portune is a graduate of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music and is both a pianist and organist of high ability.

Miss Helen Portune, dramatic soprano and concert violiniste, gave up a most flattering theatrical musical offer to go with the Schumanns.

Mrs. Grace Kaplan, concert pianiste, at the age of eight years played the Hungarian Rhapsody and at sixteen years graduated from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Harry Kaplan, cello virtuoso, was formerly a member of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.